THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, March 9, 1801.

Obſervations on the Prodigies of Valour performed by the Auſtrian and French Armies on the Summit of the Alps.

[From the New Annual Regiſter for 1799.]

IT appears aſtoniſhing that ſo many obſtacles, which heretofore were eſteemed inſurmountable to the march of an army, ſhould have been ſo rapidly ſubdued; and that the obſtinate reſiſtance and active defence of a military force, which would formerly have been judged ſuperabundant to block every paſſage, ſhould have ſtopped for no longer time the progreſs of an army acting on the offenſive. There was no greater ardour in attack, no leſs vigour or obſtinacy in defence, no new arms employed, no other methods of fighting adopted, than ſuch as had been hitherto practiſed. The art of war had, probably, attained already its higheſt perfection in thoſe reſpects. Frederic II. had left few diſcoveries to make, few branches to perfect in modern tactics. But in proportion as general combinations were extended, the ſtrongeſt poſts and places, reputed impregnable in mountainous countries, have ſhared the ſame fate as thoſe ſituated in plains. If poſts like theſe do not guarantee the poſſeſſion of ſuch heights as are loftieſt and ſteepeſt; if they do not block up the ſlighteſt interſtices in the chain, the firſt paſſes opened by the waters, which gather by degrees, and level as they flow, and which afford an entrance into fertile and extenſive valleys; poſts like theſe, in ſuch caſes, have only a relative and momentary importance. Since travellers have found roads acroſs abyſſes of ice and ſnow, and explored

thoſe new regions, the art of war, to which every ſcience is tributary, and which increaſes with the progreſſive improvement of the human faculties, has led military men to run new chances, to make new experiments; and military talent and enterprize have certainly excited men to as great efforts as the purſuits of natural ſcience or curioſity. When, therefore, the icy ſummits of the Alps have been climbed, and bodies of troops and artillery have been tranſported along roads with difficulty trodden by the moſt intrepid hunters, great plans of attack and defence were ſoon combined, as peaks and leſſer ſummits, with chains of mountains and great maſſes; the ſecrets of nature have been ſurprized, her immutable order acknowledged, even in her wildeſt caprices; the chaos of the ſtupendous Alps has been unfolded; topographical charts have been perfected; the ſlighteſt details examined; and models in relief formed with an art and exactneſs hitherto unknown. This preciſe knowledge of the great ſkeleton, of the oſteology, as it were, of the mountains, has furniſhed Generals and Officers of the Staff with great though ſimple ideas. The moſt practicable communications have been examined with ſingular attention; a new topographical ſcale, in ſhort, has been formed for the operations of war in mountains, and detachments have been ſent in conſequence to the greateſt diſtances, to ſecure dominating points which gave the command of immenſe intervals.

Theſe advantages were ſo well appreciated on both ſides in the war of Switzerland, that a blow ſtruck on the frontiers of the Tyrol and the Griſons, at thirty or forty leagues diſtance, was felt at the centre of the armies, which were obliged to make movements, and change plans, as if thoſe diviſions, ſeparated by ſo many difficulties, and ſo many natural intrenchments, had been contiguous to the main army from which they had been detached. No obſtacle being able to ſtop a general movement, at leaſt for a ſufficient time, to turn the party ſuperior in force from the ſimple plan of operations, which might be called the natural and topographical plan, and which conſiſts in attacking the wings of an enemy, turning its flanks without any regard to the party's own poſition, the reſult is, that in a mountain war the ſtrength of poſts and poſitions does not counterbalance ſuperiority of numbers as much as it did heretofore.

It is probable that the new ſyſtem of the war of poſts, in general engagements along the whole line of contending armies, has been carried to its higheſt perfection in the war of Switzerland; and it is uſeful as well as intereſting to obſerve,

ſerve, under this point of view, the details of ſucceſs and defeat, and note what faults have been committed, and what acts of addreſs and bravery are worthy of admiration. Theſe obſervations may be applied to the details of this ſhort but intereſting campaign, particularly in the rapid invaſion of the country of the Griſons; in the operations of General Lecourbe, and thoſe of the Generals Laudohn and Bellegarde; in ſhort, in the firſt retreat of Maſſena, forced to concentrate his forces under Zurich, to call back his right from beyond St. Gothard, and the little cantons, and yield to the Archduke in leſs than fifteen days almoſt the whole courſe of the Rhine, and half of the territory of Switzerland.

Subſtance of the moſt intereſting Parts of the Travels of C. F. Damberger, a German, through the interior Parts of Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope to Morocco, between the Years 1781 *and* 1797.

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OUR traveller, it appears, was but very indifferently provided for a long journey on foot, his ſhoes conſiſting only of a piece of raw hide, cut from a buffalo, and fitted to the foot while wet. To increaſe his difficulties, his fellow-travellers walked with ſo much rapidity, that he was conſtantly at ſome diſtance behind them, which provoked them to ſtrike him ſeveral times, and the blood began to run out of his ſhoes, in conſequence of being obliged to climb over rocks, and to force a paſſage through buſhes and high graſs. In the evening, however, they arrived at a kraal, where they gave him ſome milk, and cakes made of Indian corn. Expecting to be murdered by theſe ſavages, though much fatigued, fear prevented him from ſleeping, till near the dawn of day, when he was overcome by drowſineſs, and fell faſt aſleep. A young woman awoke him, and gave him ſome milk and cakes. He again reſigned himſelf to ſleep, but the return of the men to the hut ſoon diſturbed him; one of them ſeized him by the feet, and ſhook him violently; and another ordered him to pull off his cloaths, as he was reſolved to kill him immediately. Fortunately, however, for him theſe threatenings terminated in an unexpected manner. Roaſted meat and milk were given him, and he was aſſured that his life was in no danger, they not being accuſtomed to eat human

man fleſh. He was alſo adviſed, if he ſhould not like to remain with them, to wait at leaſt till the full-moon is paſt, for then the robbers will leave that tract of country through which he was going to travel. It is eaſy to conceive that this gave him great pleaſure, and that, as he expreſſes it, he once more "began to breathe freely."

"Every four days (ſays Damberger) a party of twelve men ſet out from the kraal, to range through the country to the diſtance of from ſix to nine Engliſh miles, in order to lie in wait for the robbers, in caſe they ſhould attempt to ſteal any of their cattle. If they meet with no robbers, they go in purſuit of the wild beaſts, that they may not return home without ſome prey. About a fortnight after my arrival, the mampa, who had before returned me my carabine, ſent me out with one of theſe ſcouring-parties; and I had the good fortune to render ſome ſervice to my hoſpitable friends. We directed our courſe towards the ſouth-eaſt, where moſt of the cattle were feeding, and had paſſed through a wood which was a mile in length, when we ſaw, as we emerged out of it, ſeveral men advancing towards us. My companions immediately knew them to be Tambouki robbers, who would probably attack us. They accordingly exhorted me to fight with the ſame determined bravery as they ſhould, that ſo we might not be overcome by theſe ſavages. My carabine was already loaded; but, in my hurry, I put into it eight ſlugs more, and fired among our enemies, as ſoon as they approached within gun-ſhot. They halted; and I immediately loaded and fired at them again; whereupon they fled with precipitation, leaving two of their wounded companions behind. Theſe priſoners we took with us to the kraal; and though they were the moſt inveterate foes of the Caffres, they were not treated with cruelty. When their wounds were healed, they were employed as ſlaves to carry wood and water.—This action procured me much honour and diſtinction among my new friends, who endeavoured by every means in their power to render my abode as agreeable as poſſible. This kraal contained four hundred and ninety-three inhabitants, among whom there were one hundred and ſixty men capable of bearing arms. It is the laſt in Caffraria proper, on the north-eaſt ſide, and lies at the diſtance of about one day's journey from the borders of the country inhabited by the Jamatians. The Jamatians, indeed, call themſelves Caffres alſo, but they are not acknowledged as ſuch by the Caffres properly ſo called, from whom they differ in many reſpects."

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Our author next proceeds to deſcribe the cuſtoms of the ſouthern Caffres, from whom the whole country derives its name. They "acknowledge a Supreme Being, and likewiſe worſhip the ſun and moon; but they have neither temples nor prieſts. Every one is at full liberty to worſhip the Divinity in his own way, and according to his own ideas: the oldeſt perſons of each family inſtruct the children; as, for inſtance, the grandfather the boys, and the grandmother the girls. The cloathing of the Caffres reſembles that of the Hottentots: they wear a ſhort apron round their waiſt, and on their ſhoulders a ſort of cloak made of a ſheep's-ſkin. The long thick hair of the men is plaited, and bound with a cloth into a tuft on the top of the head. The woman likewiſe form their hair into braids, which hang down over their ſhoulders.

"The chief perſon of each kraal is called the mampa, and he ſettles all trifling diſputes: but on matters of great importance, all the men of the kraal decide: thus for inſtance, they adjudge the puniſhment for the crime of adultery; and here it may be obſerved, that the adultereſs is puniſhed with the greateſt ſeverity, whilſt the adulterer meets with a comparatively mild treatment. The men too are allowed to have more than one wife.

"In war they behave with great bravery, ſeldom giving way except when overpowered by ſuperior force and numbers. They are fond of war, and therefore often commit unprovoked acts of hoſtility againſt their neighbours. Their weapons conſiſt of lances and clubs. When in the year 1709 they were oppreſſed by the Dutch coloniſts, they alone raiſed an army of forty thouſand men; and if the other nations, namely thoſe from the borders of the Dutch colonies to the kingdom of Biri, had ſent their auxiliary troops with more diſpatch, an army of from eighty to ninety thouſand men might have been brought into the field againſt the Dutch: and Cape-town would not have been able to hold out againſt their irreſiſtible attack. For the purpoſe of conveying intelligence with the greateſt diſpatch to the diſperſed hordes when a war breaks out, the horde neareſt the borders of the enemy's country erects on an eminence the trunk of a certain tree,* deprived of its branches and bark, which, having ſmeared it all over with tallow, they ſet it on fire.

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* This tree bears fruit reſembling our gooſeberries. It likewiſe produces a kind of greeniſh wax, which is much ſought after by the Dutch coloniſts, who make candles of it.

On ſeeing this ſignal, the warriors of the other kraals haſten to the aſſiſtance of their countrymen.

"The Caffres are extremely fond of ſinging and dancing, and other feſtive ſports; and therefore frequently indulge in feaſts and merry-makings; eſpecially when the [illegible] nights are clear and the moon ſhines bright; for while the ſun continues to ſhine they abſtain from dancing and gambling, leſt they ſhould thereby give offence to that divine luminary. When they have gained a victory over their enemies, when they have deſtroyed a ferocious beaſt of prey, or when they elect a mampa, they never fail to celebrate a feſtival.

"To point out the time when a feſtival is to be celebrated, the mampa ſticks ſome branches of the palm on the top of his hut. The young men who are not yet capable of bearing arms are not allowed to aſſiſt at the celebration of ſome particular feſtivals; nor are the children permitted to be preſent while the parents dance. Time is here computed by days, moons, and years; ten lunar months making one year.

"Though among the Caffres the women are not held in much eſtimation, but are even conſidered as little better than ſlaves; yet certain rights and privileges are ſecured to them by the cuſtom of the country. When a woman is delivered of a child, her huſband is not allowed to enter the hut where ſhe lies-in till the end of three days: if ſhe be delivered of a ſon, the huſband muſt give an entertainment; but if ſhe brings forth a daughter, ſhe muſt furniſh the feaſt herſelf. To ſuch feaſts, however, the neareſt relatives only are invited.—In each kraal certain huts are ſet apart for the women to be delivered in, which no man is allowed to approach. In ſome hordes each family poſſeſſes ſuch a lying in hut. Under certain reſtrictions they have the liberty to ſue for a divorce; in this reſpect, however, the huſbands have much more in their power than their wives. The wife is obliged to cohabit with the huſband as long as he pleaſes; if however ſhe peremptorily inſiſts upon being parted from him, her requeſt is complied with, but ſhe is forced to leave the kraal. The law prohibits the huſband from ſtriking his wife; in this point then the Caffreſs hath greatly the advantage of the more poliſhed European dame, whom ſhe views with diſdainful contempt. A Caffre who beats his wife would be diſpiſed by every one, and conſidered an unworthy member of the kraal. During my ſtay among this people, I never once knew a man quarrel with his wife, or treat her with oppro-

brious language; for they regularly, and in the beſt manner they are able, perform the buſineſs and duties which cuſtom has reſpectively allotted them. If the huſband become ſick, one of his relations undertakes the management of his affairs; if the wife fall ſick, one of her female relations is in like manner obliged to aſſiſt her."

On the 11th of July Damberger left the kraal, and turned to the eaſt, in hopes by that route to reach Egypt. The next evening he met with ſome adventures of not the moſt pleaſant nature. Having lain down to ſleep about "an hour (ſays he) I felt ſomething ſeize me by the feet: I had placed my carabine between my legs, and by way of precaution, held the ſling in my hand; I therefore inſtantly pulled it up and drew the trigger. I now ſtarted up, and ſaw four men, who, terrified by the exploſion, had retired to ſome diſtance. Obſerving that they would not again approach me, I called to them in the Caffrarian language: 'What would you have of me?'—Whereupon they aſked me: 'Why art thou come into our country, and whence comeſt thou?'—I again queſtioned them: 'Are ye Caffres?'—They anſwered, 'Yes.'—If then ye are of as kind and hoſpitable diſpoſition as your countrymen, tell me, may I go to lodge all night at your kraal, without being made a priſoner?' 'We muſt firſt be informed who thou art;'—anſwered they, and were going away.—'I am a native of the weſt country, and am returning to my own country.'—Follow us,' cried they; 'but firſt give us the *Yakayudma*' (the murderous thing).—I ſurrendered my carabine to them, and followed them. They brought me to a hut, where a ſick old man lay, whom I ſuppoſed to be their chief. After they had ſpoken to him, they ſhewed me a buffalo's hide near the door of the hut, on which I lay down, and ſoon began to indulge in no very pleaſing reflection on my preſent ſituation; for I apprehended they would murder me for the ſake of my bundle.—However, ſleep at length overpowered me, and I ſlept ſoundly till the morning. An old woman then brought ſome milk and melis for the ſick man. I addreſſed her in the Caffrarian language: but though ſhe looked earneſtly at me, ſhe went out again without making me any anſwer. An hour after, the man who had brought me to the hut on the preceding evening came in. I begged of him to give me ſome milk: but he deſired me to have patience, converſed a ſhort time with the old man, and then left us. I now approached the ſick man; and repeated my requeſt to him: but ſay what I would, he only ſhook his head, and anſwered not a word. I now

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took up my bundle, and went to the adjoining hut, where I begged of a man whom I found ſtanding at the door, to give me ſome food and milk; but he referred me to his wife, whom I could not find. I then placed myſelf in front of the ſick man's hut, hoping to ſee the perſon who firſt took my carabine from me; and requeſted every one that paſſed by, to ſhew me his hut: but received no anſwer. In a ſhort time a great crowd of people aſſembled about me, and ſome of them took my bundle from me; I remonſtrated as loudly as I could: but in vain. Finding my entreaties diſregarded, I ſeized the man by the hair who held my bundle; but was obliged to let go my hold, being attacked on every ſide. I exclaimed againſt them with great vociferation: but that only ſerved to increaſe the mirth of the by-ſtanders. In fear of my life, I expected every moment to receive the death-blow, when a man haſtened up to us, with a club in his hand, which he applied as freely to my aſſailants as to me, and at laſt thruſt me into the hut with a degree of violence which took away my ſenſes. I ſoon recovered, but ſtill received no food; I was under conſtant apprehenſion of being murdered."

(To be continued.)

Account of Socivizca, a famous Robber.

TO make the life of a robber productive of public utility, it would be neceſſary, that being interrogated by a philoſopher, he ſhould unveil with the utmoſt candour the torturous windings of his ſoul. Then we might learn how, and by what degrees, crime became familiar to him; obſerve the ſtruggles between vice, and thoſe principles of juſtice of which no human heart is ever entirely diveſted: then we might lament the defeat of virtue, and tremble at the terrible dominion which vice exerciſes over thoſe minds of which it is become abſolute maſter. From ſuch a diſplay the reader might derive an increaſed love of goodneſs, juſtice, and integrity, and an augmented horror of their oppoſite: he would be endowed with more circumſpection, and eſpecially in thoſe circumſtances which tend to ſeduce him into more dangerous conſequences, and lead to a forgetfulneſs of the principles of honour.

If the life of Socivizca is diveſted in part of theſe uſeful requiſites, it is not without intereſt, from the number and variety of adventures in which he engaged, and from the publication having been prohibited by the old French government.

Socivizca was born in 1725, at Simiovo, of parents who profeſſed the Greek religion. His father occupied a farm, the proprietors of which were Turks, and treated him and his family with exceſſive rigour. Socivizca, being of a turbulent and ferocious diſpoſition, was indignant at theſe circumſtances, and frequently plotted with his brothers the means of revenge: the father, who was of a mild and pacific turn, exhorted them to patience and reſignation; advice ill ſuited to the impetuoſity of Socivizca.

At length, chance brought the maſters of the farm, who were three brothers, to lodge at the houſe of Socivizca's father, with a ſum of eighteen thouſand ſequins in their poſſeſſion. The young man, addreſſing himſelf to his brothers, convinced them that they could never find a ſafer opportunity of avenging and enriching themſelves, and by his perſuaſion they murdered their three gueſts.

They did not, after committing this crime, betake themſelves to flight; and although ſtrict enquiries were made, and even ſome perſons were executed, no ſuſpicion, for a time, fell on the real delinquents. However, in about a year, doubts were entertained; partly from Socivizca's imprudence in diſplaying his real character, and partly from the quantity of money which the family were ſuddenly enabled to expend. They then thought it prudent to decamp, with the money they ſtill retained: the father, who was very old, died by the way.

They ſtopped at Ymoſchi in the territories of the republic of Venice, increaſed their wealth, built a houſe, and opened a ſhop, which they ſtored with excellent and expenſive merchandize. This was in 1745, when Socivizca was twenty years old.

The tranquil life of a merchant did not ſuit his active diſpoſition: he returned to Montenero, attended by ten perſons, who reſolved to ſhare his fate, and in the courſe of the ſummer maſſacred forty Turks. His fury was entirely directed againſt that people, and it is even averred, that he never committed an offence againſt the ſubjects of Venice, or thoſe of Auſtria.

After making a great number of expeditions, in which he was joined by one of his brothers, he returned to Ymoſchi, where he reſided in tranquillity for nine years, employed in the trade eſtabliſhed by his family. Yet from time to time he made excurſions to aſſaſſinate ſome Turks.

The brother who had accompanied him in his expeditions being unable to ſettle in a quiet life, joined the moſt furious

aiducos in the country. The aiducos were formerly a band of Morlachians, who aſſociated to oppoſe the Turks on the frontiers, in order to hinder them from penetrating beyond their limits; but at preſent the term is uſed merely to denote robbers on the highway. This youth formed an intimate connection with a Morlachian of the Greek religion, and choſe him for his probatime. This aſſociation was an affair of great ceremony among the Morlachians: thoſe who reſolved to become probatimes, went together to the altar, each holding a taper in his hand, and the prieſt pronounced ſome prayers over them. Thus united, the friends, or probatimes, bound themſelves mutually to aſſiſt and ſerve each other. Socivizca's brother made an injudicious choice of a friend. The probatime gave him an aſylum, made him drunk, and then delivered him into the hands of the Pacha of Traunick, who put him to death with the moſt cruel tortures.

Socivizca having learned this event, immediately repaired to his brother's friend to hear the particulars. He was received by the father, who related the ſtory in ſuch a manner, as to make him believe his ſon was entirely innocent. The probatime next made his appearance, and after a great diſplay of kindneſs, went out, under pretence of ſeeking the fineſt lamb in his flock to regale his friend, but his intention was to deliver him to the Turks who were at Duwno, twelve miles from his houſe.

As neither the probatime nor the lamb were forthcoming, all the family retired to reſt, and all ſeemed buried in ſlumber, but Socivizca did not ſleep; he was tormented with extraordinary forebodings; and unable to endure his internal ſenſations roſe from his bed in ſearch of a light; but could not find a ſpark of fire throughout the houſe.

Suſpicion and rage now poſſeſſed his mind: he ſought his arms but could not find them; he called aloud, but no anſwer was returned. At length, he recollected that he had materials in his pocket te ſtrike fire, and ſucceeded in lighting a lamp. He went to the bed-ſide of the father, and demanded his arms: the old traitor, who expected his ſon's return with a body of Turks, fought to gain time by equivocating, but the impetuous Socivizca daſhed out his brains with a ſmall axe which he accidentally found: he then applied to an old female ſervant who dreading her maſter's fate complied with Socivizca's demand.

As ſoon as his arms were reſtored to him, he quitted the houſe, but lurked at a ſmall diſtance to watch the event, and aſcertain the extent of the probatime's treachery: of this he

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ſoon obtained irrefragable proof, and retired breathing nothing but vengeance.

He aſſembled a few friends, and ſnrrounding the traitor's habitation, ſet it on fire: ſeventeen perſons periſhed in the flames: an unfortunate woman attempting to make her eſcape was ſhot, together with the infant in her arms.

From this time the Turks purſued Socivizca with the utmoſt rancour, and he multiplied his murders and robberies.

Purſued on every ſide, and anxious to obtain a ſhort repoſe, he retired with his family to a country in the Auſtrian dominions: he was for three years, together with his two brothers, his wife, his ſon and daughter, an inhabitant of Carlowitz, and during that period his conduct was irreproachable.

At length ſome perſon, whoſe name is not recorded, betrayed him into the hands of the ſame Pacha who had ſo cruelly put to death one of his brothers; and his wife and children were ſoon after ſeized in the ſame manner. They were all compelled to ſet out for Traunick; but during the journey, Socivizca contrived to make his eſcape, though he had ſtill the mortification to leave his family priſoners.

When his own ſafety was enſured, he negociated with the Pacha for the liberty of his wife and children, but in vain.

All other methods failing, he determined to write, and his letter is given as a curious ſpecimen of ſocial feeling, operating on a rugged mind and ardent diſpoſition.

"I am informed, O Pacha of Boſnia, that you complain of my eſcape; but I put it to yourſelf, what would you have done in my place? Would you have ſuffered yourſelf to be bound with cords like a miſerable beaſt, and led without reſiſtance by men, who, as ſoon as they arrived at a certain place, would in all probability have put you to death? Nature impels us to avoid deſtruction, and I have only acted in obedience to her laws.

"Tell me, Pacha, what crime my wife and children committed, that, in ſpite of law and juſtice, you ſhould retain them like ſlaves? Perhaps you hope to render me more ſubmiſſive; but you cannot ſurely expect that I ſhall return to you, and hold forth my arms to be loaded with freſh chains? No, you do but deceive yourſelf, and render me more terrible than before. Hear me then, Pacha, you may exhauſt on them all your fury, without producing the leaſt advantage. On my part I declare, I will wreak my vengeance on all the Turks, your ſubjects, who may fall into my hands; and I will omit no means of injuring you.—For the love of God, reſtore to me, I beſeech you my blood. Obtain my

pardon from my ſovereign, and no longer retain in your memory my paſt offences. I promiſe that I will then leave your ſubjects in tranquility, and even ſerve them as a guide when neceſſary.

"If you refuſe me this favour, expect from me all that deſpair can prompt. I will aſſemble my friends, carry deſtruction wherever you reſide, pillage your property, plunder your merchants; and from this moment, if you pay no attention to my intreaties, I ſwear that I will maſſacre every Turk that falls into my hands."

The Pacha did not think proper to pay much attention to the letter of a highway robber, and Socivizca exerted himſelf in accompliſhing the vow he had made. He deſolated the country, giving proofs of a prodigious valour; inſomuch that the people were obliged to intreat the Pacha to deliver them from ſo great a ſcourge, by ſending back his wife and children. The Pacha, however, was inexorable, and Socivizca could only obtain the liberty of his family by a fortunate co-operation of force and ſtratagem.

It was not the ſatisfaction of regaining the ſociety of perſons ſo dear to him that induced Socivizca to quit the life of a robber; that effect was produced by other cauſes.

His troop took priſoner a Turk who had favoured the eſcape of one of Socivizca's brothers; the brother, in oppoſition to the wiſh of the chief and the reſt of the band, was anxious to return the favour; the captive was deſtined to die, but the grateful robber, while Socivizca was at prayers, a ceremony which he never omitted before meals, ſet him at liberty. All the aiducos were outrageous againſt the brother of Socivizca, and one of his nephews carried his reſentment ſo far as to give him a blow; the indignant uncle drew a piſtol, and killed him on the ſpot. Socivizca expelled his brother from the troop, and after performing the funeral obſequies of his nephew, felt ſo great a degree of mortification, that he determined to paſs the remainder of his days in retirement.

But the habits of a long life are not ſo eaſily changed: after a ſhort retreat, he ſuddenly reſumed his occupation of plundering on the highway.

After ſo many maſſacres and robberies, Socivizca found himſelf in poſſeſſion only of ſix hundred ſequins: part of this ſum he confided to a friend, and part to a couſin, both of whom abſconded with the depoſit,

At length, in 1775, the Emperor Joſeph II. paſſing by Grazach, where Socivizca then reſided, was deſirous to ſee him;

him; he had him brought into his preſence, interrogated him himſelf, made him repeat the chief events of his life, and beſides making him a conſiderable preſent in money, appointed him to the poſt of arambaſſa of Pandours. He was living at Grazach in 1777, when his hiſtory was firſt written, and it is not known whether he is yet dead.

Character of the preſent Empreſs of Ruſſia.

THIS Princeſs is ſiſter to the Duke of Wirtemberg, who married our Princeſs Royal. The chief characteriſtic of the Empreſs, whoſe name is Mary, is ſweetneſs of diſpoſition.—Her mildneſs, patience, and modeſty, have been ſeverely proved by the moſt rigorous and whimſical treatment. Her time is employed in a ſucceſſion of duties and occupations ſuitable to her ſex and her dignity; the education of her children, from whom ſhe was long reluctantly ſeparated, the late Empreſs charging herſelf with their maintenance and education from their birth, is at preſent a great ſource of happineſs to her. Her attention to her huſband has enabled her to endure fatigues and exerciſes the leaſt ſuitable to her ſex and her character. How often has ſhe been ſeen to attend him, on horſeback, at the weariſome reviews of Gatſhina and Pavloſky? Though exhauſted with heat and fatigue, ſometimes drenched with rain, or covered with ſnow, ſhe has ſtill, by her ſmiles, expreſſed her acquieſcence. She is, perhaps, more careful of her time, and dedicates it to more uſeful purpoſes, than any lady in Ruſſia. Muſic, painting, etching, embroidery, are the arts in which ſhe excels, and which alleviated the ſolitude in which for ſo many years ſhe lived.—Reading and ſtudy are with her not ſo much a buſineſs as a recreation; and the management of her domeſtic affairs, and the diſtribution of charities, ſeem happily to occupy her hours. Tall, well-made, and ſtill in the prime of life, ſhe is rather handſome than pretty; ſhe has more majeſty than grace, and leſs wit than ſentiment. She ſhines in all the relations of life. She is an affectionate relation, a faithful wife, and an excellent mother. Far from forgetting her country and her relations, the ſplendour which ſurrounds her, and the diſtance which ſeparates them, ſerve but to increaſe the warmth of her affection, and the vividneſs of her remembrance. Her numerous relations are always in her mind, her correſpondence with them occupies many hours of tranquil happineſs, and her felicity is doubled by making thoſe whom

ſhe

ſhe loves partakers of it.—She has not, like the ambitious Catharine, flattered the Ruſſians by adopting their manners, their language, and their prejudices:—She has not attempted to gain the eſteem of that people by deſpiſing her own country, and bluſhing at her origin; but has made herſelf beloved for her goodneſs, and reſpected for her virtues.

Paul never treated her with becoming reſpect till he became Emperor. As Grand Ducheſs ſhe had only 60,000 rubles (6000l.) a year. On his acceſſion, he granted her the ſum of 500,000 rubles (50,000l.) a year for her private expences, promiſing her, at the ſame time, a more ample proviſion. The reſpect of Paul, however, for the Empreſs, is not very uniform or conſiſtent.—She was ſome time ago put *under an arreſt* for twelve hours, for having given one of her women ſome trifling order which Paul did not approve. It appears that this warlike Emperor conducts every thing in military ſtile, even in his bedchamber.

Anecdote of Mr. Shireff, the Miniature Painter.

[From Murphy's Life of Garrick.]

THE writer, (Mr. Murphy) about three years ago, dined with Mr. Heriot, the proprietor of the True Briton. Mr. Shireff, a painter, well known in the metropolis and Bath, and brother to Mrs. Heriot, was one of the company. He was announced as a perſon both deaf and dumb, and he was ſo in fact; but under the tuition of a ſkilful maſter in Scotland, he was ſo trained up as to underſtand the Engliſh language perfectly well.—He was an enthuſiaſtic admirer of Shakeſpeare, and alſo of Garrick, with whom he became acquainted. His introduction to Roſcius was occaſioned in the following manner.—About the year 1773, Mr. Shireff, then a young miniature painter, arrived in London from Edinburgh, and brought with him letters of recommendation to ſeveral lovers and encouragers of the arts, and particularly to Caleb Whiteford, Eſq. That gentleman was highly pleaſed with the character of the young painter, and was much ſtruck by ſuch a phænomenon, as that of a perſon, deaf and dumb from his cradle, and yet ſo completely maſter of the Engliſh language, as to be able to read our beſt poets, and to write in a correct and even elegant ſtyle. Mr. Whiteford found, that, when any of Shakeſpeare's plays was performed, and, particularly, when Garrick acted, young Shireff was ſure to

be preſent, profeſſing that he was the actor whom he beſt underſtood. When the play was over, he uſed to act in dumb ſhow the whole of Garrick's performance, and expreſſed an earneſt wiſh to be introduced to ſo fine an imitator of nature. Mr. Whiteford was ſoon determined to comply with Mr. Shireff's requeſt, and, after turning the matter in his mind, the following expedient appeared to him the ſureſt way to carry the point. He wrote in Shireff's name a ſhort copy of verſes in commendation of the actor's extraordinary powers, and conveyed them to Mr. Garrick.

" When Britains Roſcius on the ſtage appears,
" Who charms all eyes, and, I am told, all ears,
" With eaſe the various paſſions I can trace,
" Clearly reflected from that wond'rous face;
" While true conceptions, with juſt action join'd,
" Strongly impreſs each image on my mind.
" What need of ſound? when plainly I deſcry
" The expreſſive features, and the ſpeaking eye;
" That eye, whoſe bright and penetrating ray
" Does Shakeſpeare's meaning to my ſoul convey.
" Bleſt commentator on great Shakeſpeare's text!
" When Garrick acts, no paſſage ſeems perplext."

Theſe lines were preſented to the manager, who, as was natural, read them with aſtoniſhment. He had been often celebrated by various writers, but praiſe from the *deaf and dumb* was new and extraordinary. He expreſſed a ſtrong deſire to ſee the youth, who was both painter and poet. Accordingly Mr. Whiteford conducted him to Southampton-ſtreet, where he was moſt cordially received. The ſcene was curious and intereſting. Garrick continued from that time to entertain a friendſhip for ſo ingenious an artiſt, and rendered him every ſervice in his power. The verſes he always thought were the production of Mr. Shireff, and on that point he was never undeceived.

This was the gentleman who dined with a party at Mr. Heriot's. When the company were ſeated at table, this writer was told, that if he held up his finger, and ſpelt his words in the air, he might carry on a converſation. He tried the experiment, and found that it anſwered. Being told that Mr. Shireff was acquainted with Garrick, and admired him as an actor, he put the following queſtions to him:—" Did you know Garrick?" " Yes," in a very inarticulate ſound. —" Did you admire him?"—" Yes.—" How could that be,

be, when you could not hear him, and, of courſe, could not underſtand him?"—The anſwer was unintelligible. Mr. and Mrs. Heriot were uſed to his manner; at their deſire, the queſtion was repeated, and the anſwer, when explained, aſtoniſhed the whole company. Mr. Shireff's reply was, *Garrick's face was a language.* To prove that it was ſo, Mr. Shireff ſtood up after dinner, and, muttering uncouth ſounds, went through the part of Richard III. by his deportment, his action, and the moſt ſignificant looks, diſtinguiſhed every ſcene, and all the various ſituations of Richard from the beginning to his death in Boſworth field. Hence a judgement may be formed of the actor, who could play before the deaf and dumb, and make them capable.—*His face was a language!*

Obſervations on the ſtandard Meaſure.

By the Hon. Daines Barrington.

IT is remarkable, that, in the old Scotch laws, the meaſure of Caithneſs is referred to as a ſtandard, which was probably, from its ſituation, the moſt uncivilized part of the country. It is a very early regulation in all the laws of Europe, that there ſhould be a ſtandard of one meaſure throughout the kingdom; this is very frequently enjoined by ſubſequent laws, which appear never to be carried into execution. Monteſquieu ſays, "It is the mark of a little mind in a legiſlator to attempt regulations of this kind;" but he ſhould rather have contended, that it does not ſhew wiſdom in a legiſlator to attempt, what appears, by long experience, to be impracticable; though, in theory, it ſeems to be attended with no great difficulties, and much to be deſired for general convenience: with us, it has been attempted by at leaſt ſix different ſtatutes, all of which have proved ineffectual.

Henry I. made the ſtandard of a yard to be taken from his own arm; and one of the chronicles ſays, that he was *magni et proceri corporis.*

A REFLECTION.

IT is eaſier to corrupt good natural diſpoſitions by education and habit than to ſubdue bad ones. Beware then how you enter upon vicious courſes.

Anſwer to an Enquiry reſpecting a Britiſh Naval Officer.

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

OBSERVING in your Entertainer for the 12th of January laſt, an anecdote relative to the victory off Camperdown, by Lord Duncan, wherein is requeſted the name of the Engliſh officer who was on board the Delft, after ſhe ſtruck to the Britiſh flag; I have the pleaſure of communicating that officer's name, who related the ſtory to me a few weeks after the action. He was Firſt Lieutenant of the Monmouth, and as ſoon as the Delft ſtruck was put on board, with ſeveral men, to conduct her into Yarmouth, but unfortunately foundered, and many of our brave fellows went down with her. He immediately ſwam to the firſt ſhip neareſt him (the Ruſſel), and continued on board ſeveral days. His name is Charles Bullen, then Firſt Lieutenant of the Monmouth, and was afterwards made Maſter and Commander; is now living at Weymouth, expecting to be called out into ſervice every day. I am, Sir, your's, &c.

J. BLAKE.

Maidſtone, January, 1801.

Anſwer, by J. B. Chivers, Schoolmaſter, of St. Auſtle, to Thomas Warring's Queſtion, inſerted the 22d of December, 1800.

PUT x = the baſe, $.8x$ = the greater ſide, y = the leſs, and z = the perpendicular. Now ſay, as $x + .8x + y : .8x - y : : .64x^2 - y^2 \div x$ = the difference of the ſegments of the baſe. Therefore per Euclid 47. 1. we have $z^2 + \frac{m^2x^4 - 2mx^2y^2 + y^4}{4x^2} = .64x^2$ (where m ſtands for 1.64); and by the queſtion $1.8.x + y = 31.29$; whence, by proceeding agreeably to the rules given by Emerſon in his excellent treatiſe of algebra, x, y, and z, may be very readily obtained, and are as follows: $x = 15$, $y = 4.29$, and $z = 2.72$. Conſequently the three ſides of the meadow are 15, 12, and 4,29 chains reſpectively.—Q. E. D.

Anſwer, by T. Jarvis, of Malborough, to J. Ball's Rebus, inſerted December 22.

HAIL MILTON! Hail, inimitable bard!
Thy matchleſs works deſerve unfeign'd regard;
Employ your pens, ye gents. his fame to raiſe,
Nor let your tongues be ſilent in his praiſe.

*** We have received the like anſwer from W. Sherwell, of Modbury; J. Bulgin, Caſtle Cary; W. Bickham, jun. Aſhburton; H. Humphreys, and J. Smith, of Exeter; J. R. Toulmin; W. England, Lyme; G. England, Uplyme; T. Churchouſe, Yeovil; Serjeant Whittle, of the Upway Volunteers; Primroſe, of Weſt Coker; W. Chudeigh, Newton Buſhel; and Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers.

Anſwer, by J. Staples, of Briſtol, to R. Meager's Charade, inſerted December 29.

SACKCLOTH was worn in days of old
As ſcripture doth record,
By penitents for their offence,
When they did ſeek the Lord.

*** We have received the like anſwer from Serjeant Whittle, of the Upway Volunteers; J. R. Toulmin; Thomas Jarvis, Malborough; William England, Lyme; William Sherwell, of Modbury; J. Smith, Exeter; Primroſe, Weſt Coker; W. Adams, Plymouth Dock; G. England, Uplyme; W. Maddick, Rattery; Walter Bickham, jun. Aſhburton; T. Churchouſe, Yeovil; T. Webber, jun. and R. Sellick, jun. Tiverton; J. Whitford, St. Auſtell; T. Taylor, Bridgewater; and Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers.

A CHARADE, *by R. Thomas, of Bridgewater.*

'TWAS muſing near yon verdant grove,
Where ſwains enraptur'd talk of love,
I ſaw my awful firſt,
Whilſt horror fill'd the dreadful ſight,
And Luna hid her cheering light,
Diſtreſs its fetters burſt.

The hopeleſs nymph ſinks in deſpair,
And mingles grief with ev'ry care
When on the beach ſhe lies:
But when my next appears in ſight,
O'ercome with joy and great delight
In extacy ſhe dies.

My ruin'd whole in diſmal wrecks appear,
And overcome the mind with dreadful fear.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

A SHORT STORY.

IN dear Hilaria's peaceful grove
(A ſpot that claims my pureſt love)
I long enjoy'd a ſoft repoſe,
Which wealth or grandeur ſeldom knows;
Amid its native, ruſtic train
I found no cares to rack my brain;
But, bleſs'd with kind content and health,
I ſcorn'd the miſer's hoarded wealth,
And would not change my humble ſtore
For all the gems of India's ſhore.

But ah! in ſome ill-fated hour,
As rambling near my fav'rite bow'r
I ſought the grove's ſequeſter'd gloom,
(Unconſcious of impending doom)
The purling brook, the whiſpering leaves;
The ſighs that gentle zephyr heaves;
The murmurs from the diſtant ſhore,
Where thundering billows ceas'd to roar;
The warbling ſongſters of the grove
Combin'd to form a ſcene for love—
Young Laura, from the ſcorching ray,
Had trac'd my ſolitary way.
Ere long we met. Her heavenly charms;
Her face that rage itſelf diſarms;
Her eyes that bright as rubies ſhine:
Her modeſt mien; her form divine—
A thouſand unknown charms impart,
And triumph'd o'er my captive heart.
Drawn by the artful ſnares of love
We wander'd thro' the ſilent grove,
Till near the borders of a ſtream,
That ſparkled in the ſolar beam,
Fatigued with fainting heat we ſat,
And ſpent an hour in pleaſing chat;
Her words increas'd my chaſte deſire,
And added fuel to the fire.

My throbbing heart, devoid of reſt,
Its ſecret feelings thus expreſs'd:
" Ah, charming nymph! of form divine,
" My flocks, my fields—they all are thine.
" Till now my ſoul from love was free,
" And hoarded all its love for thee.
" Ah charming Laura! ne'er diſdain
" To ſoothe the anguiſh of my pain.
" One pleaſing ſmile my pangs will cure,
" And eaſe the torments I endure."

The

The nymph was kind, ſhe heard my plaint;
No thoughts my latent joys could paint.
To that dear ſpot how oft we came,
And there confeſs'd our mutual flame;
We bleſs'd that kind, that pleaſant grove,
That firſt beheld our artleſs love.

But now to thoſe dear thoughts adieu!
For Laura, O ye Gods! 'tis true,
Forgetful of the vows ſhe made,
Has prov'd a falſe, deceitful jade;
And ſtill my heart, devoid of eaſe,
Reflects on thoſe unhappy days;
And longs, but ah! I fear in vain
To find a nymph to ſoothe my pain.
Ee'n now I know a heav'nly maid,
In all the charms of youth array'd;
Nor can I in Devonia ſee
A girl ſo ſweet, ſo fair as ſhe;
Her words rekindle all my fire;
Her looks my ſoul with love inſpire;
In her thoſe various charms I view,
That falſe, deceitful Laura knew;
But ſhould this nymph my vows diſdain—
I ſwear I'll never love again.

CONSTANTIUS.

TO THE MOON.

MOUNTED in thy ſilver car,
Chaſte-ey'd empreſs of the night;
Hark! a wanderer from afar
Hails thy mild auſpicious light.

Light! to love's own votaries dear,
Dear to meditation's ſons;
Shades of error thou canſt clear,
Better than a thouſand ſuns.

By thy ſoft religious gleam,
Reaſon ſearches truths divine;
Wiſdom owns the inſpiring beam,
Virtue ſmiles to ſee thee ſhine.

I too (child of ſorrow!) feel
All thy power to ſoften grief;
Which, tho' 'tis not thine to heal,
Thine it is t' afford relief.

By thy light alone I rove,
Tears indulge, and as they flow,
Learn a myſtery to prove,
Learn the luxury of woe.

Tearful eyes to Heaven I turn,
There with awe thy form I ſee,
While the ſtars that round thee burn,
Light me to the Deity.

Ah! 'tis he who guides their ſpheres,
He too meaſures out my woe;
Hence then, ceaſe my falling tears,
Or with reſignation flow.

ANNA MARIA.